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CONTENTS

LIBRARIES AND LIBRARIANS OF THE PACIFIC COAST. <i>F. H. Clark</i>	449
— GWIN AND SEWARD.—A SECRET CHAPTER IN ANTE-BELLUM HISTORY. <i>Wm. M. Gwin and Evan G. Coleman</i>	465
COYOTE-THAT-BITES. <i>Frank B. Millard</i>	471
A FOOL'S ERRAND.....	474
CALIFORNIA HORSE FARMS.....	478
OUR POPPY. <i>John Vance Cheney</i>	494
TWO LOVE SONGS. <i>Agnes Crary</i>	496
— PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. <i>James M. Scovel</i>	497
A MOUNTAIN FIRE. <i>Rodney Mayne</i>	507
THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAW. <i>E. A. Clark</i> ...	510
HIS WORD FOR IT. <i>Katharine Read Lockwood</i> ...	515
— AN OLD-FASHIONED STATESMAN,—HANNIBAL HAMLIN. <i>Enoch Knight</i>	519

THE BELL OF LANDE-FLEURIE. <i>Alma Blakeman Jones</i>	524
EVENING IN SUNSET LAND. <i>Ella Higginson</i>	527
CALVIN AS RULER. <i>F. B. Perkins</i>	528
AFTERNOON. <i>Irene Hardy</i>	534
MY COUSIN'S WEDDING DRESS. <i>Frona Eunice Wait</i>	535
SOME POINTS FOR CALIFORNIANS CONTEMPLATING ENDOWMENTS. <i>Milicent W. Shinn and Charlotte Anita Whitney</i>	543
VERISIMILITUDE, Chapters v-vi. <i>Sybil Russell Bogue</i>	548
WHAT IS PRACTICAL EDUCATION? <i>Edwin H. Woodruff</i>	554
ETC.....	559
BOOK REVIEWS.....	560

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It was early in the war. Richard Cobden, to whom I took letters from Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley, lived near the beautiful country town of Hazelmere, in Sussex, England, surrounded by his household gods and his ancestral oaks, on the same homestead once owned by his father, which was a gift from his grateful constituents,—the people of England,—after the great triumph of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, led by Cobden, and Bright, and Huskinson, and Peel.

It was known to only a few in England that Mr. Cobden had, just before the Civil War, made large investments in the State of Illinois, and had been tendered the position of president of the Illinois Central Railroad.

He was inclined to accept the place, and had partially perfected his plans to become an American citizen. The speedy downfall of Lord Palmerston, then Premier, and the rapid growth of liberalism in England, fostered and advanced by the pending struggle in America, changed Mr. Cobden's plans, and before the American conflict ended, John Bright was a member of a liberal Cabinet, with Gladstone as Prime Minister.

Cobden cordially hated Lord Palmerston, and he had much to do with his downfall. No man in England felt a keener interest in the American question than did the great English commoner. He made no secret of his sympathy with the cause of the Union. He had been in constant correspondence with Mr. Lincoln, and felt for the many-sided American patriot the deepest affection. Both were engaged in a national and far-reaching struggle for the liberation of humanity, and defeat in America meant

another century of Tory domination in Great Britain.

By a sea-coal fire, late in the November night, Mr. Cobden gave me his opinion of Abraham Lincoln in these words :

"This century has produced no man like him. Napoleon said, 'The great heart makes the great soldier.' Lincoln is not only a man of great heart, but he is a man of excellent understanding. The moral philosophers tell us that the intellect works best through the sensibilities.

"And he is a man who has risen from manual labor to the presidency of a great people, and to me he seems to be the one man God has raised up to give courage and enthusiasm to a people unused to the arts of war, fighting what seems to me to be a doubtful battle, in the greatest conflict of modern times.

"I like Mr. Lincoln's intense veneration for what is true and good.

"His sense of justice is exalted, and yet, while he has never studied statesmanship in modern schools, he is capable of writing, at times, monumental English. He has some of the same characteristics that made William the Silent great; and like Azeglio, the Italian statesman, he abjures the political finesse of Machiavelli, but rests his claims to victorious statesmanship on his wonderful good sense and his absolute good faith.

"His reason seems to rule despotically over his other faculties, and his conscience and his heart are ruled by his reason. It is Pascal who says sublimity is often encountered in daily life, and I know of nothing more sublime than the patience of your American President. He seems to be bent on making a republic the great stature of an honest man.

"I speak of your struggle as doubtful, because Mr. Lincoln will have more to contend against in the hostility of foreign powers than in the shattered and scattered resources of the Confederacy."

Mr. Cobden predicted the triumph of our arms, but he died before he had more than a Pisgah view of the promised land, and John Bright held the place intended for Cobden in the cabinet till his Quaker notions rebelled against a war in Egypt for conquest, and he cast from him cabinet honors, never again to resume office as the gift of the government.

We sat till the early hours of the morning, and I recall the great commoner's tribute of affection to his colleague, the member from Birmingham, a passage from whose speech Mr. Cobden quoted: "John Bright said, in a sun-burst of eloquence:—

"I love America: a land that *dares* to be great, and prosperous, and happy, without a monarchy, without an aristocracy, without a priesthood, who are the licensed vendors of that salvation wrought by love."

Mr. Cobden had some traits in common with Mr. Lincoln. He had neither offensive egotism nor pretentious pride. He was a quiet, sincere, and unaffected gentleman. Of his introduction to the American minister at the Court of St. James,—Charles Francis Adams,—Mr. Cobden remarked, "Mr. Adams is as cold as one of his own Massachusetts codfish; and when introduced, only touches the extreme tips of your fingers."

This was the same Mr. Adams who, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, delivered a lecture in Boston, to establish the fact that for all the victories in diplomacy, on the battlefield, and in statecraft, President Lincoln was indebted to the superior culture and cunning of William H. Seward.

Mr. Seward himself was too great to ever lay claim to such distinction. To the Secretary of State's knowledge of the

world, and his power of reaching men even by devious ways, Mr. Lincoln often yielded,—but the masterful spirit in that "combine" was not that of the ex-governor of New York. Lincoln was the master, Seward was the complement of the master.

But there was nothing offensive nor arrogant in the President. He took his proper place. He was a natural-born McGregor. He knew his rights, and he dared maintain them.

Ceremony hath made many fools,
It is an easy way unto a duchess.

Abraham Lincoln was not a ceremonious man. But the President of the United States was also a great politician.

But let me first relate how Mr. Lincoln startled Washington in the first year of his administration.

General Edward D. Baker was a senator from California. He was as eloquent as Bossuet or Fénelon. He had the conscience of the fight in him, and he was the only senator in Congress who, sword in hand, fell in battle with his feet to the foe. When Ball's Bluff had been reached, under the unfortunate orders of General Stone, in the deadly rain of the Confederate artillery, the boys, who loved their General, said:—

"General Baker, lie down."

He lifted his cap and bowed, but said, "Soldiers, a general cannot lie down in the face of the enemy."

A rifle ball through the forehead, as he spoke, ended a noble life.

But when Senator Baker first took his seat in the Senate, and while he lived, he had unbounded power and influence with Lincoln. He even named many of the office-holders in Oregon and Nevada, for the Senator had practised law in both States. A delegation from Nevada called at the White House, with written charges against Baker, affecting his moral character, and protesting against his influence with the President regarding official patronage on the Pacific Slope.

Together in Sangamon County had "Ed" Baker and "Abe" Lincoln toiled through the sparsely settled country, through doubt and danger, and hunger and cold, till both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The President, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against Senator Baker.

There were a dozen prominent men from the wild and woolly West, who felt sure they had spiked Senator Baker's gun.

Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire, and as he bowed the protestants out of the east room of the White House, he said: "Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois. I believe in him. And you have taken the wrong course to make yourself influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense!"

This stubborn devotion to his old friend and companion in arms spread over Washington like wildfire, and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high place with Lincoln, by pulling somebody else down,—when the President's friendship was enlisted. In four years' close acquaintance I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

It was apropos of this incident that Mr. Lincoln said to Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts:—

"If ever this free people, if ever this government itself, shall become utterly demoralized, it will come from this human wriggle and struggle for office; a way to live without work,"—adding, with charming frankness and inimitable *naïvete*, "from which 'complaint' I am not free myself!"

The wit of the President is illustrated in a story Orville H. Browning, a great Illinois lawyer, tells of him. A gentleman driving along the Springfield road was accosted by Mr. Lincoln, who said:

"Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?"

"With pleasure," replied the stranger, "but how will you get it again?"

"O, very readily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it."

The campaign in which Governor A. G. Curtin was for a second time made governor of Pennsylvania was a crucial period, full of deepest anxiety to the President. Desiring to show his appreciation of the unselfish devotion of a young lawyer who took prominent part in that political struggle, Mr. Lincoln sent for him, and said: "You have the right idea of patriotism,—it is a duty. You have never asked for anything, and I want to send you on a confidential mission to Europe. Go see Secretary Seward."

Nothing was said by Seward about going abroad, but in one week he was sent to Europe. Governor Morgan, of New York, enclosed a draft to the young attorney for \$2,000, and it was not till his return from Europe that Governor Morgan assured him that all the arrangements for the journey abroad were planned and perfected by President Lincoln, even to sending the draft for \$2,000.

To an applicant eager for office, he said: "There are no emoluments that properly belong to patriotism. I brought nothing with me to the White House, nor am I likely to carry anything out."

And the hand so often eagerly stretched out to save from death the young soldier, or sentinel overcome by sleep at his post, could unhesitatingly set his seal of approval to the finding of a court martial dismissing a soldier the service for drunkenness. I sat beside the President in Washington, on a balmy summer day which I shall not soon forget. There was that warm, sympathetic silence in the atmosphere that gives to Indian summer days almost a human tenderness of feeling,—a delicate haze, that seemed only the kindly air made visible.

An officer wearing the insignia of a colonel's rank came in, and Mr. Lincoln was full of sympathy, which he shed like the summer rain, "which makes the fields it hastes to bright and green." He drew his chair near the colonel, whose complaint was, in brief, that he had unjustly been dismissed from the army for drunkenness on duty. The officer had a good and gallant record. Lincoln knew him. He never forgot such a case. The lines in the soldier's face told their own story of long and unrestrained indulgence.

Mr. Lincoln heard the story patiently. He rose up, and as was his habit when moved deeply, he grasped the soldier's right hand in both his own, and said: "Colonel, I know your story. But you carry your *own condemnation in your face.*"

The tears were in his voice, and to the soldier, who walked out without a word, Lincoln appeared like a slice of the day of judgment. The only comment the President made subsequently to me was, "I dare not restore this man to his rank and give him charge of a thousand men, when he 'puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.'"

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by General Sherman, at a dinner at the Hoffman House, in February. It came directly from William H. Seward.

It was the Sunday morning habit of that gracious optimist, Mr. Seward, to spend his Sunday morning with President Lincoln, in the east room of the White House. After the President had been shaved in his own room, he accompanied his Secretary of State across Pennsylvania Avenue, and over to the Seward mansion, now occupied by Secretary Blaine. One Sunday morning, a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. It was during the last year of the war. He saluted the President in

military fashion as the two statesmen passed him; but there was something in his expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention. The soldier was a lieutenant-colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment.

Emotional himself, the President was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He walked up to the officer who had saluted him, and shook hands with him, saying, "You seem to be in a peck of trouble."

"Yes," said the lieutenant-colonel slowly, "I am in deep trouble; my wife is dying at our home in the interior of Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough for two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel. My God! what can I do? If I go home, my colonel will surely brand me a deserter. I shall be arrested on my return,—and shall military etiquette keep me away from my dying wife?"

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he, "we'll try and fix this matter."

He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and as he leaned against the broad oaken door of the Seward mansion, after the Secretary had handed him a lead pencil, he wrote on the back of the visiting card:—

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

It is my desire that Lieutenant Colonel ——— be granted leave of absence for fifteen days, to see his dying wife.

A. LINCOLN.

The officer trembled like a leaf, speechless with emotion, and as he was hastening away, Lincoln, as if to conceal his own feelings, playfully shook his index finger at the officer, and said, "If I ever catch you in Washington again I'll make a brigadier general of you."

Mr. Seward said: "Mr. Lincoln made no further allusion to the incident, except to say when they entered the house, 'I reckon Napoleon the First was right when he said, "the great heart makes the good soldier."'"

President Lincoln possessed to an

eminent degree candor, which comes from the Latin, and freely translated means, "whiteness of soul." When he was a candidate for renomination, he did not disguise his anxiety to go back to the White House for four years more, "to finish," as he quaintly expressed it, "the great job the people had given him to do."

I have said Mr. Lincoln was a consummate politician. His cabinet contained three men who were candidates for the presidency before the Chicago Convention which nominated him,—Bates, of Missouri; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; and Seward. Yet these were his most devoted and trusted counselors and allies. When there was any misunderstanding in the cabinet, Wm. H. Seward would hie himself to Auburn, and in an oracular utterance he would praise the "Divine Stanton," and restore peace to a distracted cabinet. Bennet the elder, of the New York *Herald*, attacked Mr. Lincoln's administration remorselessly, for alleged favoritism shown Jay Cook & Company, the bankers. James Gordon Bennet was offered the mission to England, with the understanding that he would not accept it. But the attacks against Lincoln were changed to sub-acute denunciation of Salmon P. Chase, whose pronounced desire to succeed Mr. Lincoln made the President uncomfortable, and caused Secretary Chase to give up the Treasury portfolio.

But even here the magnanimity of the sweet-spirited martyr of Springfield was shown, for two weeks before Chase left the cabinet he asked Mr. Lincoln to sign the commission of Chase's nomination for collector of Buffalo. Lincoln signed the commission without a word. I remonstrated with him for putting his rival's friend into power, in a place where he could injure Lincoln in the approaching Baltimore Convention. With a merry twinkle in his eye, and a smile that had no taint of malice in it, he

looked down on me and said, "I reckon we are strong enough to stand it."

Chase, even out of the cabinet, was still formidable as a presidential candidate. And added to this, Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's Postmaster-General, became an avowed candidate for the succession. The sea hath bounds, but the deep desire of the Blair family for office had none.

Henry Winter Davis's animosity against Montgomery Blair had much to do with the inspiration and antagonism of his opposition to Abraham Lincoln's ideas of reconstruction. Winter Davis could have been named in place of Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President at Chicago, but he declined. The same place was again offered him at Baltimore, where Seward and Thurlow Weed defeated by two votes Greeley's candidate for the vice-presidency, the brilliant and versatile lawyer, Lyman Tremain, of New York.

Meeting Davis, of Maryland, in the rotunda of the Capitol in May, I said, "Will you accept a place on the ticket with Lincoln, for Vice-President?"

He was as proud as Lucifer before his fall. I recall his scornful look, and his reply, "Vice-President behind that thing in the White House—No!"

But he lived to regret his hasty decision, and Winter Davis died a thoroughly disappointed politician, of great and commanding powers.

Later on in the same year I stood near Lincoln at a public reception. Vicksburg and Gettysburg had come and gone. Montgomery Blair, with a presidential bee in his bonnet big as a bumble-bee, had gone with the twining woodbine, when he woke up in the morning, and found a laconic note, in pencil, from Lincoln, saying:—

"The time has come."

Blair's decapitation pleased Winter Davis, for the Maryland factions walked over ashes thinly covering fires, and he began to call at the White House recep-

tions. Lincoln saw him standing in the crowd in the reception room, but evidently averse to coming near him. "Well," said this gentle, tranquil spirit, "I am glad to see Winter Davis here. He has not darkened these doors for two years."

Near Davis stood a tall, well-formed, middle-sized man, with aquiline nose and soldierly bearing. It was General Meade.

With more feeling than I ever knew him to display, Lincoln touched my arm, and said: "There's General Meade,—a good soldier, but he missed the opportunity of his life when he failed to cut to pieces Lee's army at Falling Waters."

It has been contended with great vehemence that our great Union victories nominated and elected Abraham Lincoln for a second term. This statement is not supported by the history of that period. Seward always hoped to be President, even while staying the rash hands of that "Passionate Pilgrim," Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; and you may trace the annals of chivalry back to Charlemagne without finding a devotion more tender or more loyal than that of William H. Seward for that great, meek, gentle, tranquil spirit, Abraham Lincoln,—the product of the composite and irregular civilization of the Western country, half a century ago.

Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President, does not think the victorious march of our armies elected Lincoln. He writes from

BANGOR, July 11, 1889.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter reached me yesterday. I remember you quite well. In my judgment, the renomination of President Lincoln was *not* solely due to the victories of our armies in the field. Our people had absolute faith in his unquestioned honesty and in his great ability, the purity of his life, and in his administration as a whole. That was what led to his nomination,—they were the great primary causes that produced the result, stimulated undoubtedly by our victories in the field. Such is my decided opinion, and I have no doubt about it as I express it to you.

Yours very truly,

H. HAMLIN.

The following letter from the great commoner of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens, when Congress was in session the entire summer, throws some light on an important and interesting period of our national history:—

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1866.

Dear Sir: I have today received both your letter and your telegram, asking me to make a speech in New York City against Andrew Johnson's 'Policy.'

First, as to the letter:—You ask me about Abraham Lincoln's renomination. It came about in the most natural manner. There will be no more men like Abraham Lincoln in this century.

There was no reason why he should be "swapped" in crossing the stream. I approved of General Cameron's memorial of the Pennsylvania legislature to the people, urging a second term for Abraham Lincoln, and I well remember that you followed suit with the legislature of your own State.

Second, as to my making a speech at the Cooper Institute, New York City, I would gladly go there; especially, too, as your request is backed by my old friend, Horace Greeley. Say to the editor of the *Tribune*, that I feel it is my duty to *stay and fight the Beasts at Ephesus, here!* Andrew Johnson is a dangerous man. What is his "Policy," nobody known to me, on the earth or under it, can exactly discover. There are not more than five men of absolute courage in either house of Congress. But we are not going to lose this great battle for the liberty of all. Tell Mr. Greeley, that in my view, it is too early to publicly agitate the question as to the nominee for the presidency in 1868.

But there are already many cabals in that direction in this city of sinful politicians.

My sympathies, down to a very recent date, have been entirely with Mr. Chase. But you will be surprised to know that General Grant came to my house on Capitol Hill a few nights ago, and after locking the door, said:—

"Mr. Stevens, I know that you have been in doubt as to my position; but I came here to tell you where I stand. In the not improbable event of a conflict between Andrew Johnson and the Congress of the United States, I will be found standing by this Congress."

This statement lifted a load from my mind.

Johnson is an aggressive man, with little intellect and less real courage, obstinate and ignorant, believing thoroughly in himself, but he possesses a rough fidelity to his friends.

And now that we can put our finger on Grant, I am clear that he will be nominated for President, and elected. I no longer feel at liberty to fight Grant. You can tell Mr. Greeley this, for I know he is devoted to the Chief Justice. God does reign, and I have now no fear of losing what has cost us

so much. But I do fear the reign of organized lawlessness in the South. Johnson calls himself the Moses of the colored race, but he is a "Moses" who will never get out of the bulrushes.

Yours,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

That the President was alarmed at the threatened revolt in the Republican party there can be no doubt. But he never swerved in his course, but was in the habit of saying, with engaging frankness: "The way to get an office is to deserve it; and if I don't deserve a reelection, I will not mourn at the prospect of laying down these burdens."

When cabinet differences became dangerous enough to threaten a dissolution of the cabinet, he ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal cabinet session; and when twenty United States senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining to the President of Stanton's conduct of the war, the President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara. "Would you," said Mr. Lincoln, "when certain death waited on a single false step on the part of the celebrated rope-walker,—would you cry out, 'Blondin! stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south?' No. You would keep your mouths shut.

"Now we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have as big a job on hand as was ever entrusted to mortal hands to manage. The government is carrying an immense weight. Don't badger it. Keep silent, and we'll get you safe across."

No delegation of senators ever again attempted to dictate to Abraham Lincoln the manner in which one end of the civil war should be conducted.

The friends of Chief Justice Chase were very active, and a convention had been called, which resolved upon forcing a third ticket in the field.

In the midst of these plots and counterplots in regard to the presidential succession, Simon Cameron returned from Europe. He had been Minister to Russia. Though Mr. Lincoln had asked for his resignation, in response to the clamor against this common-sense statesman, who possessed undoubted courage, and who was distinguished for unyielding fidelity to his friends, I have it from General Cameron's own lips that there was never any change in the pleasant relations between the President and the Pennsylvania Senator, whom he had chosen as his war-minister. On the contrary, Edwin M. Stanton was made Secretary of War, chiefly on the recommendation of General Cameron and John W. Forney, the latter having won President Lincoln's undying friendship and confidence by his gallant fight against his former friends in the anti-Lecompton struggle. General Cameron said, in an interview three months before he died:—

"I believed the time had come to make public expression of the popular confidence in Mr. Lincoln, and the general popular desire for his renomination.

"The Wade-Davis manifesto had made a profound impression on a powerful coterie of leading politicians in the East, who thought they had not been been consulted sufficiently in the management of the war. Henry Winton Davis was an 'off ox' in politics, but he was a brilliant, strong, and courtly man and his name stood for Southern Republicanism, and his colleague in the political revolt, bold Ben Wade, was a power in the State of Ohio,—and as a radical leader he was strong in the nation. I went to Washington and had a talk with Zach. Chandler, of Michigan,—a man with the courage of a Numidian lion; as strong a man as there was in the Senate,—a man of affairs, who always said what he meant. Chandler was devoted to Mr. Lincoln's fortunes. I went to Harrisburg forthwith, and pre-

pared a memorial or address on behalf of the Senate and House at Harrisburg, setting forth that, in their opinion, the best interests of the country required the renomination and the re-election of Abraham Lincoln for a second term.

"The Legislature, to a man in favor of the dominant party, signed the address. I carried it to Mr. Lincoln, who was too open and honest a statesman to conceal his gratification at this indorsement by the Legislature of Pennsylvania of himself and his administration. The document was given to the world by the Associated Press, and the tide began to turn against the malcontents who for six months had plotted to make Lincoln's renomination dangerous, if not impracticable, before the Baltimore Convention, which was to meet in the coming June."

The writer of this article was a member of the Legislature of New Jersey at this critical period in the history of the country and of the President.

Mr. Lincoln received four electoral votes from New Jersey in 1860, and explained the reason he did not get seven electoral votes from the same State in 1864 by stating the fact that the New Jersey soldiers were not permitted to vote in the field. I had no difficulty in following General Cameron's lead, and in successfully urging the members favorable to Mr. Lincoln's cause to sign a memorial in favor of his re-election.

It was done, and it was in these words:—

JANUARY 15, 1863.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

The members of the Legislature of New Jersey desire to express to the President of the United States our admiration and our gratitude for the vigor and the statesmanship displayed in conducting this Administration through the dangers which menace us abroad and the treason which threatens us at home. We believe that the hand of Divine Providence was manifested in your election four years ago, and we are firmly convinced that your patience and courage, as well as your fidelity to liberty endangered by lawlessness in arms, demand your election as President in 1864, as the expression of a grateful people, of

their affectionate respect for you as a man and as a President, who has so long ruled over us with wisdom and moderation. You have made power *gentle* and obedience *liberal*; and we believe that in four years more, under your guidance, this nation will become what it ought to be, and what its Divine Author intended it to be,—not a vast plantation on which to breed human beings for purposes of lust and bondage; but it will become a new Valley of Jehosaphat, where all the nations of the earth can assemble together, and, under a common flag, worshipping a common God, celebrate the resurrection of human freedom.

One of Mr. Lincoln's characteristics was his ineffable tenderness toward others. He wrote injuries in the sand, benefits on marble. The broad mantle of his enduring charity covered a multitude of sins in a soldier. He loved justice with undying and solicitous affection, but he hated every deserter from the great army of humanity. He was dowered with the love of love. He stopped the conveyance which carried Orville H. Browning, a great lawyer, and himself to court, in Illinois, to save a wounded hare, hiding in a fence corner. And when his command in the Black Hawk War insisted on killing an old and friendless Indian prisoner, Lincoln saved the Indian's life at the peril of his own, and when his men complained that Lincoln was bigger and stronger than they were, he expressed his readiness to fight a duel with pistols with the leader of the malcontents, and thus ended the cruel controversy.

He was always equal to the occasion, whether saving a sleeping sentinel by one stroke of the pen from a dishonored grave, or writing that bold and steady signature to the Proclamation of Emancipation, which made the black race give him a crown of immortelles.

And the negro preacher in Vicksburg said of him, "Massa Linkum, he ebervywhar; he know ebervyting; he walk de earf like de Lord!"

Abraham Lincoln could say true things when just resentment required censure. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "divide," in

1863. The wife of one of these insisted "that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel."

Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt and without smiling, handed it to the now happy wife, but said, with keen irony:—

"You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

Even in this act he showed the *noblesse qui oblige*!

Mr. Lincoln once told Horace Demming, a Connecticut congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, that "when any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of Law and Gospel,— 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart and with all thy soul, and *thy neighbor as thyself*,'— that church will I join with all my heart."

His great good sense was shown in his making Dick Gower a lieutenant in the regular army. Dick had shown his bravery and his capacity among the Western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington, because he "did not know what an abattis, or echelon, or hollow square was. "Well," sharply said the *dilletant* officer with a single eye-glass, "what *would* you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

Dick was there. "I'd give them Jesse, that's what I'd do; and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission, and Dick made a famous soldier.

That excellent Bourbon Democrat,

Congressman Vaux, of Philadelphia, has of late years changed his views about President Lincoln. He tells an interesting story about the Proclamation of Emancipation. The classic and scholarly Vaux had been making speeches in Connecticut, and came home with Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, who was very close to the many-sided patriot President while the war lasted. When General Frank P. Blair was returning to New York he told Richard Vaux this story:—

Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at General McClellan's delay on the Peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding General. The country was a volcano, smoking, and ready for eruption.

The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went straight to McClellan's headquarters. They were received with scant courtesy, and the commanding General did not ask the President to eat or drink. Lincoln sat in his white linen duster, uncomfortably silent, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack knife, till finally General McClellan broke the dense silence by saying,

"Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?"

"No," courteously replied Lincoln; "I must have passed it on the way."

McClellan then requested his chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and General McClellan proceeded to crush Mr. Lincoln by reading his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on Lincoln's conduct of the war.

Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter ended he rose quickly, looking neither to the right nor left, — not waiting for any farewell to General McClellan.

He seemed oppressed with the consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation of things. He drove slowly with General

Blair over to the boat which was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started, Mr. Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence, and said to General Blair:—

"Frank, I now understand this man. That letter is General McClellan's bid for the presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation, emancipating the slaves."

He forthwith issued the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Within a week after the world was startled by a new charter of freedom for the slave. Mr. Lincoln said to me in the White House:—

"I told you a year ago that Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley gave me no rest because I would not free the negroes. The time had not come. I read what you said in the Senate, and you struck the right chord when you said: 'The President argued the case like a Western lawyer. He did not intend that this immortal document should be regarded as the "Pope's bull against the comet," as the doubting Thomases said it would be. . . . He waited the fullness of time, and when the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance, invoking "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God," he launched that immortal proclamation, which made Mr. Lincoln the foremost soldier in the world in the great battle for the liberation of humanity.'

"You are right," said the President, with a smile of exaltation and exultation. "I was tired that day. But you will see no trace of doubt or hesitation in my signature to my greatest and most enduring contribution to the history of the war."

General* Edward Bend Grubb, eminent as a soldier and as a civilian, was a lieutenant in the army of the Potomac

when Lincoln visited McClellan at Harrison's Landing.

He corroborates the story of Richard Vaux and General Blair, and reiterates the cold and cavalier treatment of the President at the hands of the arrogant commanding General. Jefferson Davis, with divine concurrence, became the most eminent of practical abolitionists, and history already verifies the substantive fact that George B. McClellan was, unwittingly, the proximate cause of hastening the advent of the Proclamation of Emancipation, which sealed the doom of that remorseless power that for one hundred years had clasped the Bible with handcuffs and festooned the cross of Christ with chains.

A nature tinged and saddened by his early and romantic passion for Ann Rutledge must always remain an enigma to a careless world, who did not understand how, to an intense nature like Lincoln's, such a passion for a gracious and gifted woman was as divine as duty, and stronger than death. He was—added to the strong, masterful, practical side of his nature,—of "imagination all compact," and his was a spirit

Made sad and sure

By many sorrows and one love.

He felt keenly, and often so expressed himself, the great loneliness of power, and he "grappled to him with hooks of steel" those who loved him not for the largess of office, but who clung to him because they saw and loved in him the deep, underlying, pathetic, self-abnegation of his pure, unselfish, and lofty soul. And the history of this sad, glad, wise, quaint, and lovable man from out of the West, (as great as he was pure,) will live forever; and will grow into the granite base on which shall be built the statue of an ideal statesman, in a Republic of Honest Men, where pure law shall be measured only by perfect freedom.

James M. Scovel.